

**PARSIFAL**  
In ENGLISH  
The Sacred  
Festival Play  
by **RICHARD WAGNER**



PRICE TWENTY-FIVE CENTS



AN  
ENGLISH TRANSLATION  
OF  
**PARSIFAL**

THE SACRED FESTIVAL DRAMA

BY  
RICHARD WAGNER

WITH REPRESENTATIONS OF  
PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS AND MOTIFS



PRODUCED BY  
HENRY W. SAVAGE

1904-5

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

---

AMFORTAS.  
TITUREL.  
GURNEMANZ  
PARSIFAL.  
KLINGSOR.  
KUNDRY.

The Brotherhood of the Grail Knights. Esquires, Youths,  
and Boys.  
Klingsor's Flower-maidens.

---

Scene of action:—the domains and Castle "Monsalvat," of the Guardian of the Grail, with scenery characteristic of the northern mountains of Gothic Spain.—Later, KLINGSOR's enchanted castle, on a southern slope of the same mountains, looking towards Moorish Spain.

# PARSIFAL

---

## HISTORICAL NOTE

The principal figure in the last music-drama written and composed by Richard Wagner is more familiar to readers of literature under the name of "Percival." Tennyson refers to him in his "Holy Grail" as the "Sir Percivale, whom Arthur and his knighthood called The Pure."

The name has undergone several changes since its first introduction in literature. It is called *Peredur* in the Welsh tales, which preserve the oldest accounts of the adventures of King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table; other spellings have been *Perceval*, *Parzival* and *Parcival*. Wagner adopted his from *Parsifal*, on the mistaken theory that it was derived from two words, *Fal* and *Parei*, which is said to signify "foolish pure one" in the Arabic.

It was in 1857 that Wagner was first impressed with the value of the story as a dramatic subject. He was then living in Zurich, when inspired by a beautiful day in Spring, he wrote out the sketch of the Good Friday music. Twenty years elapsed before he remodelled his plan and wrote the poem as it now stands.

In the meantime he produced "*Tristan und Isolde*," "*Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg*" and "*Der Ring des Nibelungen*."

After the first festival at Bayreuth in 1876, Wagner took up the subject of "*Parsifal*" in earnest, and completed the poem the following year. The music of the first act was sketched in the autumn of 1877, the second act completed on October 11, 1878, and the third in April, 1879.

The instrumentation was begun almost immediately afterward, and was completed at Palermo, January 13, 1882. "*Parsifal*" had its first representation at the Festival Theater in Bayreuth on July 26, 1882.

---

## THE ARGUMENT

According to Wagner, the Castle of Monsalvat is the temple of the Holy Grail and the dwelling of its Knights. The Grail is

"The cup, the cup itself, from which our Lord  
Drank at the last sad supper with His own,"

in which afterward His blood was caught when Longinus pierced His side as He hung on the cross. Titurel, to whose

care the cup and the spear were first committed, has built a sanctuary for the sacred relics. They are guarded by a body of Knights, who are required to preserve their purity in order to share in the benefits which accrue from the adoration of the relics.

In the valley beneath Monsalvat—the Mountain of Salvation—the enchanter, Klingsor, has erected a magic castle and garden. He rages against the Knights of the Grail because he, for his sinfulness, has been refused admission to their number, and he devotes himself to the task of trying to corrupt them. Amfortas, the son of Titurel, and the present custodian of the Grail, has himself been seduced by the charms of an unnamed sorceress, and not only robbed of the Holy Spear, but wounded by the weapon in the struggle. The wound will yield to no known remedy, but the Grail oracle has declared that healing shall come through “a pure fool” wise through fellow-suffering.

This person presently appears in the character of Parsifal, who has wandered into the precincts of Monsalvat. He shoots a wild swan, and when he rejoices in the accuracy of his aim, he is reproached by Gurnemanz. The aged Knight questions Parsifal, and is astonished at his ignorance. Gurnemanz surmises that Parsifal may be “the pure fool” destined to save Amfortas, and leads him into the temple, where he is permitted to witness the ceremony of the unveiling of the Grail. At the conclusion, however, Parsifal shows no sign of comprehension of what has passed, and is driven by Gurnemanz with contempt from the temple. He wanders into Klingsor’s garden, after defeating the Knights sent against him. The magician then summons lovely women, dressed as flowers, to seduce him with their blandishments. They fail, and Kundry is sent by Klingsor to exercise her charms. By recalling to the lad’s memory his name and working upon his affection for his mother, she almost leads him to her will.

But her kiss awakens in Parsifal a comprehension of the sin of Amfortas and his own danger. He repels her advances, and Kundry summons Klingsor to her aid. The magician hurls the spear at Parsifal, but the sacred weapon remains suspended over his head.

Seizing it in his hand, the youth makes the sign of the cross, and Klingsor’s castle falls in ruins to the ground. On a Good Friday morning Parsifal returns to the castle. He is now a man, and bears the spear, which through all his wanderings he has preserved unharmed. He heals Amfortas with a touch of the spear and uncovers the Grail. The Knights kneel in silent adoration, and Kundry, looking at Parsifal, sinks expiring at his feet.

RALPH EDMUNDS.



Parsifal



## ACT I.

Scene.—In the Grail's domain.—Forest deep and shady, but not gloomy. A glade in the centre. L. rises the way to the Castle. The ground sinks down at the back to a deep-set forest lake.—Day-break.—GURNEMANZ (elderly but vigorous) and two youths, ESQUIRES of the Grail, are lying asleep under a tree. From L., as though from the Castle, is heard a solemn awaking trumpet call.

### GURNEMANZ

(waking and rousing the ESQUIRES).

Ha! Ho! Ward of the woods!  
Dream warders, I warrant!  
Come wake at least with the morning!

(The two ESQUIRES spring up.)

Mark ye the call? Now thank our God  
that He hath called on you to hear it!

(He kneels with the ESQUIRES, and together they silently offer up their morning prayer, slowly rising from it as the trumpets cease.)

Now up, my children! Look to the Bath.  
Time is't, our King be there awaited.

(He looks off L.)

The litter bearing him is nigh,  
I see the heralds meet us here.

(Two Knights enter.)

Hail friends! How fares Amfortas now?

Betimes the Bath has he commanded:  
the wild herb, that Gawain  
with craft and daring won for him,  
I dare say, he is eased thereby?

### SECOND KNIGHT.

This sayest thou, who yet all dost know?

With e'en more vehement throb  
the pain did soon return:  
sleepless till early morning,  
he bade in eager haste the Bath.

### GURNEMANZ

(sinking his head sadly).

Fools are we, to ease his pain thus hoping,  
when only cure can ease him!  
For every simple, every potion search  
and ride far through the world:—  
but one thing helpeth,  
And the one helper.

### SECOND KNIGHT.

Oh name this One!

### GURNEMANZ

(evasively).

Mind now the Bath!

### SECOND ESQUIRE

(turning away with the first ESQUIRE to the back, and looking off R).

See there, 'tis she, the rider wild!

FIRST ESQUIRE.

Heigh!

The mane of her devil's mare goes a flying!

SECOND KNIGHT.

Ha! Kundry there?

FIRST KNIGHT.

She must bring urgent tidings?

SECOND ESQUIRE.

The mare is stagg'ring.

FIRST ESQUIRE.

Flew she through the air?

SECOND ESQUIRE.

She stretches now along the ground.

FIRST ESQUIRE.

And her mane is sweeping the moss.

(They all eagerly look off R.)

SECOND KNIGHT.

See, Kundry has flung herself off.

(KUNDRY rushes hastily in, almost staggering. She wears a wild garb, and a snakeskin girdle with long hanging ends: her black hair is loose, her complexion deep red-brown, her eyes dark and piercing, sometimes flashing wildly, more often fixed and staring.)

KUNDRY

(hastening up to GURNEMANZ, and forcing into his hand a small crystal vial).

Here! Take this! Balsam...

GURNEMANZ.

Say, whence broughtest thou this?

KUNDRY.

From farther hence than thy thought can reach:

Should the balsam fail,

Arabia hideth

naught else for his relief.

Ask no farther! I am weary.

(She throws herself on the ground.)

(A train of KNIGHTS and ESQUIRES bearing and accompanying a litter on which AMFORTAS lies, appears L.)

GURNEMANZ

(at once turning towards the approaching company).

He comes, they bear him on the litter.

Alas! What grief is mine beholding

in all his manhood's pride and flower

the liege lord of his conquering race,

now to his sickness fall'n a slave!

(To the ESQUIRES.)

Be heedful! Hear, the Master groans.

(The ESQUIRES pause and set down the litter.)

AMFORTAS

(raising himself a little).

So well! — My thanks! — Here rest awhile.

From wild distressful night

to dawn o'er forest height!

O holy lake,



thy wave my spirit lightens,  
— my burden takes,  
And pain's dark night so brightens.  
Gawain!

SECOND KNIGHT.

Lord! Gawain tarried not;  
for as the healing herb,  
though hard he toil'd to win it,  
yet did thy hope deceive,  
upon a farther quest at once he ventured.

AMFORTAS.

Unbidden! — Now may he atone it,  
thus ill the Grail's behest to keep! —  
Ah woe to him, that daring spirit,  
if into Klingsor's snare he creep!  
Seek not with vain essays to blind me!  
I wait for him, the One assign'd me:  
"By ruth his knowledge"  
was't not so?

GURNEMANZ.

E'en so thou saidst to us.

AMFORTAS.

"the blameless Fool" —  
Methinks that I should know him: —  
dared I as Death to name him! —

GURNEMANZ.

Nay but erst assay yet once a balsam!

(He hands KUNDRY's vial to Amfortas.)

AMFORTAS

(viewing it).

Whence came this vial, strangely formed?

GURNEMANZ.

For thee 'twas from Arabia hither brought.

AMFORTAS.

And who did bring it?

GURNEMANZ.

There lies the rover wild.

Up, Kundry! Come!

(KUNDRY refuses and remains lying on the ground.)

AMFORTAS.

Thou, Kundry?

Have I again to thank thee,  
thou shy and restless maid?

'Tis well!

Thy balsam will I now assay:  
let this be thanks for thy devotion.

KUNDRY

(moving restlessly and vehemently on the ground).

Not thanks! ha! ha! — now it will help thee! —

Not thanks! Away, thy bath!

(AMFORTAS gives the signal for starting, and the procession moves away into the deep background. GURNEMANZ remains looking sorrowfully after it; KUNDRY is still stretched on the ground.—Esquires pass to and fro.)

THIRD ESQUIRE.

Ho! Woman!

Why liest thou there like a very beast?

KUNDRY.

Are not even beasts here holy?

THIRD ESQUIRE.

True; but if thou be so,  
it doth not as yet appear.

FOURTH ESQUIRE.

And with her magic balm, look thou,  
ere long the Master wholly she'll ruin.

GURNEMANZ.

H'm! Work'd she e'er harm to you?—

When all in doubt ye stand,  
how tidings shall follow the errant Brothers,  
far in other lands fighting,  
and whither to send, who knows?

Then, ere ye are even resolved,  
who will start with never a track,  
to bear your message away and back?  
She needs you not, — is ne'er at hand,  
naught common has she with you;  
yet would ye have help in danger's hour,  
her zeal will bear her as on the wind,  
and never looks she thanks to find.

Now, say I, is this harmful,  
thereby are ye well advantaged.

THIRD ESQUIRE.

She hates us all; —  
but see, what spiteful looks on us she casts!

FOURTH ESQUIRE.

And a heathen, she; a sorceress.

GURNEMANZ.

Yea, under a curse her life may be.

Sin may she rue, —

And live a new,

to cleanse her guilt that lies unshriven,  
of former life not yet forgiven.  
So her atonement here pursuing,  
for our Knighthood's welfare service doing,—  
well hath she done, may we surely know,  
helping us, herself also.

THIRD ESQUIRE.

Then haply 'tis her very guilt  
bringing so great distress on us?

GURNEMANZ  
(recollecting).

Yea, did she tarry long away from here,  
then fell mishap on us indeed.





## Kundry



And her, I long have known : —  
but Titurel knew her yet longer.  
He found, while he our Castle builded,  
her sleeping form in forest-bush, —  
'benumb'd, lifeless, as dead.  
So I myself did lately find her,  
when had the mischief scarce befall'n,  
whereby that evil one o'er the mountains  
disgrace upon our heads has brought.

(to KUNDRY.)

Ho! Thou! Hearken and say:  
where to at that time rovest thou,  
e'en when our King the Spear did lose?

(KUNDRY is gloomily silent.)

Wherefore then didst thou help us not?

KUNDRY.

I help you ne'er.

FOURTH ESQUIRE.

Mark you her words!

THIRD ESQUIRE.

Is she so true, so bold to dare,  
oh, send her forth to win the missing Spear.

GURNEMANZ

(gloomily).

That is beyond us : —  
Guarded 'tis from all. —

(with deep emotion)

Oh, ever wonder-worthy  
holiest Spear!

Wielded I saw thee  
by unholyest hand.

(absorbed in recollection)

And arm'd with this, Amfortas, thou all-daring,  
who stayed thy hand outgoing  
to magic's overthrowing? —

Hard by the walls, — drawn was the King apart :  
a woman wondrous fair witch'd his heart ;

by her enfolded lay he tranced,  
the Spear unseen down-glanced.

A deadly cry! I rush'd a nigh : —

away with laughter Klingsor sprung.

the Holy Spear mocking he swung.

The King's escape, hard-fighting I assisted,  
but — now a spear-wound in his side was burning,  
this wound it is, that ne'er will close again.

(The first and second Esquires enter from the lake.)

THIRD ESQUIRE.

Thou knewest then Klingsor?

GURNEMANZ.

(to the returning Esquires).

How fares the master?



FIRST ESQUIRE.

Refresh'd he seems.

SECOND ESQUIRE.

The balsam stays the pain.

GURNEMANZ

(aside).

This wound it is, that ne'er will close again! —

THIRD ESQUIRE.

O father, instruct and tell us, I pray,  
thou knewest Klingsor,—how then, oh say?

(The third and fourth ESQUIRES have already sat down at GURNEMANZ'S feet under the great tree; the other two join them, and seat themselves likewise.)

GURNEMANZ.

Titurel, our pious king,  
knew Klingsor well.

To him, when savage foe with threatening might  
the realm of holy Faith distressed,  
once bending down to him in solemn night  
appear'd the Saviour's messengers bless'd:  
whence last He drank, Who Feast of Love ordain'd,  
that holy Cup, the Vessel unprofan'd,  
that by the Cross His blood divine received,  
therewith the very Spear, His wound had cleav'd,—  
this witness-treasure's holy wonder rare,  
they gave to be our own, our hero's care.  
To guard it builded he the Sanctuary.

And ye, to serve it hither bidden  
by ways that are from sinners hidden,  
ye know, that here none others  
save pure in heart as Brother

to enter, whom, to work the will of heaven  
the Grail hath mighty power given.  
Hence, 'twas to him of whom ye ask, refused,—  
Klingsor, though toil and pains therefor he used.  
Yon lies the valley wherein he was settled,  
it is a land where wanton heathen dwell:  
never knew I what there was his undoing,  
yet fain atone would he, be holy even.

Unable in himself the lust of sin to deaden,  
his end, sought he by violence,  
toward the Grail his hand he turn'd,  
contemptuously its Guardian drove him thence.  
Thereat by fury prompted, Klingsor learn'd  
how might his ignominious deed  
to knowledge of evil magic lead;  
this found he soon.

The desert bloomed for him a magic garden,  
with evil growth of fairest women;  
there for the Grail's true Knight is he awaiting,  
by evil lust to work his ruin:  
whom so he lures, freeth he never:  
Aye many are undone forever.

When Titurel, at length in years well stricken,

his son dominion here had given,  
Amfortas straight would venture in,  
o'er magic's hold mastery to win.  
Well know ye, how the issues stand:  
the Spear — is now in Klingsor's hand;  
if e'en of saints therewith can he be wounder,  
the Grail already counts he easy plunder.

(During the above KUNDRY has often turned round with an impetuous movement, as though angry and uneasy.)

FOURTH ESQUIRE.

Now first of all: the Spear to win us back!

THIRD ESQUIRE.

Ha! He that did, no joy and fame should lack!

GURNEMANZ.

By our deserted Sanctuary,  
in fervent pray'r Amfortas wrestled,  
a sign of rescue wild imploring:  
a blessed radiance from the Grail out gleamed;  
a holy vision near  
him spake in accent clear  
the words which he the sign of heaven deemed:  
"By ruth his knowledge,  
the blameless Fool,  
him await,  
My chosen One."

THE FOUR ESQUIRES  
(together).

"By ruth his knowledge,  
the blameless Fool —"

(From the lake are heard shouts and the cries of KNIGHTS and ESQUIRES.—GURNEMANZ and the four ESQUIRES start up and turn round in alarm.)

KNIGHTS AND ESQUIRES  
(behind the scenes).

Shame! Shame! — Ho-ho!  
On! — Whose is the outrage?

GURNEMANZ.

What now?

FOURTH ESQUIRE.

There!

THIRD ESQUIRE.

Here!

SECOND ESQUIRE.

A swan!

FOURTH ESQUIRE.

A wild swan!

THIRD ESQUIRE.

See, he is wounded!

(A wild swan flies unsteadily across the scene from the lake, and sinks struggling to the ground; it is followed by the KNIGHTS and ESQUIRES, one of whom draws an arrow from its breast.)



KNIGHTS AND ESQUIRES.

Ha, shameful! Shameful!

GURNEMANZ.

Who shot the swan?

FIRST KNIGHT.

The King had hail'd it as a happy token,  
when o'er the lake circled the swan,  
then flew a shaft —

KNIGHTS AND ESQUIRES

(pushing PARSIFAL forward).

His deed! His shot!

(seizing PARSIFAL'S bow)

And his bow, here.

SECOND KNIGHT

(producing the arrow).

See the shaft, alike to his.

GURNEMANZ

(to PARSIFAL).

Speak thou, art of this swan the slayer?

PARSIFAL.

'Tis true! What e'er goes flying I hit!

GURNEMANZ.

This thou hast done, and hast no sorrow for thy deed?

KNIGHTS AND ESQUIRES.

Punish his outrage!

GURNEMANZ.

Never-heard-of act!

Thou couldest murder, — here in holy forest,  
where quiet peace did thee enfold?

For came not woodland creatures tame to thee,  
greeting thee kindly as friends?

From the branches how sang then our birds to thee?

When harm'd thee that faithful swan?

His mate even seeking, rose he up,  
with her to circle over the lake,  
and hallow thus on stateliest wing.

Then wert not afraid? . . . But led wert thou  
thy boyish bow and arrow thus to use?

He was our friend: what seems he now?

Look and see! — here pierced thy shaft,  
scarce stiffen'd the blood, — wings helplessly drooping,  
the snowy plumage deeply bestain'd, —  
how darken'd his eye, — seest thou the look?

(PARSIFAL has listened to him with growing interest and emotion; now he breaks his bow, and hurls his arrows away.)

Now of thine evil deed art conscious?

(PARSIFAL draws his hand over his eyes.)

Say, lad, perceivest thou how great thy crime?  
How couldest thou so have sinn'd?

PARSIFAL.

I knew it not then.

GURNEMANZ.

Whence art thou come?

PARSIFAL.

That know I not.

GURNEMANZ.

Who is thy father?

PARSIFAL.

That know I not.

GURNEMANZ.

Who was it that sent thee hither?

PARSIFAL.

That know I not.

GURNEMANZ.

Thy name declare!

PARSIFAL.

I did have many,

but now of these I know not one.

GURNEMANZ.

Thou knowest naught of all?

(aside)

So dull a being

I never found, save Kundry here.

(to the ESQUIRES who have assembled in increasing numbers)

Now go,

nor let the King's bath neglected be! — Help!

(The ESQUIRES reverently lift the dead swan upon a bier of fresh branches, and move away with it to the lake. At length GURNEMANZ, PARSIFAL and KUNDRY [at the side] only remain.)

GURNEMANZ

(turning again to PARSIFAL).

Now speak; no answers couldst thou give me,  
just state what thou canst;  
for something surely thou knowest.

PARSIFAL.

I have a mother: "Heartsorrow" she's named.  
In woods and on barren moorland we were at home.

GURNEMANZ.

Who gave thee the bow, lad?

PARSIFAL.

That made I myself,  
to scare away wild eagles from the forest.

GURNEMANZ.

Yet noble thy birth I ween, of knightly honour;  
why hath thy mother not found thee  
some better weapon to handle?

(PARSIFAL is silent.)

KUNDRY

(who, still lying at the edge of the wood, has glanced sharply at PARSIFAL, breaks in hoarsely).

Oh, fatherless did his mother bear him,  
for in battle slain was Gamuret!

From like untimely hero's death  
her son to hinder, peacefully,  
in desert, the foolish woman rear'd him: —  
a fool too! —

(she laughs.)

PARSIFAL

(who has listened to her intently).

Aye! And once I saw a glitt'ring array of men  
on noble creatures,  
pass the edge of the forest:  
fain had I been like them:  
with laughter they swept on their way.  
Now far I ran, and yet could I not o'ertake them;  
through desert I wandered, o'er hill and dale;  
oft fell the night; then follow'd day:  
my bow in need must defend me  
if beast or man did threaten.

KUNDRY

(who has risen and moved towards the men, eagerly).

Yes! Robbers and giants tried his strength;  
in fury of fight they learned how to fear him.

PARSIFAL

(surprised).

Who feareth me? say!

KUNDRY.

The wicked.

PARSIFAL.

But those who fought me, wicked were they?

(GURNEMANZ laughs.)

Who is good?

GURNEMANZ

(again serious).

She, the mother, thou hast deserted,  
and who for thee now must yearn and grieve.

KUNDRY.

No more she grieves; his mother is dead.

PARSIFAL

(in great alarm).

Dead? — My mother? — 'Tis false!

KUNDRY.

As I rode by I saw her dying:  
and Fool, she then bade me greet thee.

(PARSIFAL springs at KUNDRY in a rage, and seizes her by the throat.)

GURNEMANZ

(drawing him back).

Again so violent! Boy art thou mad?

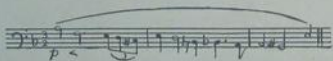
(he sets KUNDRY free; PARSIFAL stands awhile motionless.)

How wrong'd thee the maid? She spake the truth;  
for ne'er lies Kundry, — whate'er she saw.





Amfortas



PARSIFAL

(seized with violent trembling),

I am fainting!

(KUNDRY, on perceiving PARSIFAL's condition, at once hastens to a spring in the wood; and now brings water in a horn, with which she sprinkles PARSIFAL, and then hands him the horn to drink.)

GURNEMANZ.

Well done! So doth the Grail teach mercy:  
he overcomes, who with good meeteth ill.

KUNDRY

(gloomily).

Good do I never. —

(she turns sadly away, and while GURNEMANZ attends in a fatherly manner to PARSIFAL, she creeps unobserved by them towards a thicket in the wood.)

I long to rest me,

to rest me, ah, I'm weary.

Slumber! Oh, would that man ne'er woke me!

(starting in fear.)

No! Not slumber! — Horrors seize me!

(She trembles violently, and lets her arms drop wearily.)

Vain to resist! The time is come! —

Slumber — slumber — I must! —

(With short abrupt steps she moves into the thicket, and is seen no more. — During this a movement is perceived by the lake, and now across the background passes the train of KNIGHTS and ESQUIRES bearing the litter homewards.)

GURNEMANZ.

From bathing doth the King wend home;

see, high the sun is:

to this our Holy Feast e'en now let me lead thee,

for if thou art pure,

with food and drink the Grail will sustain thee.

(He has gently laid PARSIFAL's arm over his own shoulder, and supporting the boy with his arm, leads him with very slow steps. — The scene begins to move imperceptibly from L. to R.)

PARSIFAL.

Who is the Grail?

GURNEMANZ.

That ne'er is said;

but, art thyself Thereto ordained,  
by thee the knowledge shall be gained.

And lo!

Methinks I know thee now aright:  
no way leads to Its holy height,  
and no man e'er could tread it thither,  
save whom Itself had guided hither.

PARSIFAL.

I slowly tread,  
Yet deem myself now far.

GURNEMANZ.

Thou seest, my son,  
to space time changeth here.

(The woods have now disappeared, and the two pass through a gateway in the side of a rocky precipice, and are lost to sight. The way appears to ascend through walls of rock, until the scene has by degrees entirely changed, and GURNEMANZ and PARSIFAL are seen entering the mighty Hall of the Grail Castle.)

GURNEMANZ.

Observe thou well, and let me see :  
art thou a fool and pure,  
what knowledge now may be assign'd to thee.

Scene.—A pillared hall, with a vaulted dome over the centre space in which the Feast is held.—Bells are pealing from the dome.—At the further end of the Hall, on both sides the doors are opened: from R. the GRAIL KNIGHTS pace forward and place themselves at tables in the centre.

GRAIL KNIGHTS.

O Feast of love and blessing,  
our portion day by day,  
a gift of purest blessing  
that passeth ne'er away;  
who doth the right and true  
here gaineth strength anew;  
for worthy now is he  
at this high Feast to be.

From the L. door AMFORTAS is carried in on a litter by ESQUIRES and serving Brothers; before him march the four ESQUIRES, bearing the covered shrine of the Grail. This procession moves to the centre background, where stands a raised couch to which AMFORTAS is assisted; before it is an oblong stone altar on which the covered shrine is placed.

YOUTH'S VOICES

(from the mid-height of the dome).

For sinners low fallen,  
with pangs a thousand,  
He once His life up-render'd;  
so to Him, Redeemer,  
be now in glad-hearted  
service my life surrender'd:  
He died — our sin atoned He thus;  
He liveth by His death, in us.

BOYS' VOICES

(from the top of the dome).

The Faith here lives,  
the Saviour gives  
the Dove, His dearest token:  
take at His board  
the wine outpour'd,  
and bread of Life here broken!

When all have taken their places, a pause ensues, broken by the voice of the aged Titurel, coming from a vaulted niche behind AMFORTAS' couch in the extreme background, as though out of a tomb.

TITUREL.

My son Amfortas, art in thy place?  
(Silence.)  
Shall I yet live, once more the Grail beholding?  
(Silence.)  
Must I die then, denied the saving vision?

AMFORTAS

(half raising himself in an outburst of painful despair).

Woe me! Woe is me my pain!  
Yet once more, oh! my father,  
do thou the Office serve!  
Father, live, and let me perish!



TITUREL.

Entombéd live I by the Saviour's grace;  
too feeble am I, now to serve Him.  
Thou serving canst atone thy guilt!  
Reveal ye the Grail!

AMFORTAS

(rising to stop the ESQUIRES).

No! Leave It un-reveal'd!

Oh! May no one, no one e'er this torment feel,  
awaked in me by a sight — to you all joy!

What is the spear-wound with its fiery smart,  
'gainst the distress, the hell of pain,  
my function here — accurst perform!  
Woefullest birthright, that I, the fallen,  
I, only sinner of my people,  
the holiest Thing on earth should cherish,  
Its blessing should supplicate for these, the righteous!

Oh, judgment! Judgment never equal'd  
of, ah! — the injured Lord of mercy!

For Him, for His all-holy greeting,  
awakes my heart in longing;

by inmost soul's repentance savéd,  
to Him must I win upward!

The hour is nigh: —

a ray descendeth on the Vessel divine:  
the cov'ring falls.

(gazing before him.)

The Cup of blessing glorious doth shine,  
aglow in radiance heaven-born;

thrill'd e'en by rapturous delight to pain,

the well-spring of blood divine

gushing I feel into my heart:

then back must ebb in a surging tide,

my own sin-defiled blood

in tumult wild recoiling,

in the world of sinful lust

its might in terror expending;

anew it leaps o'er the bounds,

and thus it now rusheth out.

here through the spear-wound, alike to His,  
a thrust even of the very Spear itself,

that smote the Redeemer and pierced His side,  
when, tears of blood thence weeping,

the Holy One sorrow'd o'er man's disgrace,  
in pity's heavenly yearning, —

and now here from me — in holiest office,  
in charge of godliest treasure,

of redemption's balm the guardian, —  
doth heated sinner's blood outflow,

ever renew'd by a rush of longing,

that, ah! — no repentance e'er can still.

Have mercy! Have mercy!

Thou all-merciful! Oh, have mercy!

Take back my birthright,

give my wound healing,  
that holy I die now,  
pure, — Thine for ever!

(He sinks back as though unconscious.—PARSIFAL on hearing AMFORTAS' cry of agony, with a sudden movement presses his hand convulsively to his heart, and remains long in that position.)

BOYS' AND YOUTHS' VOICES.

"By ruth his knowledge, the blameless Fool,  
him await,  
My chosen One!"

THE KNIGHTS

(softly).

So came to thee the promise:  
wait thou in hope;  
Thy office serve this day!

TITUREL.

Reveal ye the Grail!

(AMFORTAS raises himself slowly and with difficulty.—The ESQUIRES remove the shrine, taking from it an antique crystal cup, which they leave uncovered before AMFORTAS.)

YOUTHS' VOICES

(from above).

"Take ye this body Mine,  
take ye this My blood,  
so be our love betoken'd!"

(AMFORTAS bows devoutly in silent prayer before the chalice; the light in the hall gradually wanes to a mere dusky glimmer.)

BOYS' VOICES

(from above).

"Take ye this My blood,  
take ye this body Mine,  
hereby remember Me!"

(A dazzling ray of light falls from above upon the crystal Cup, which now glows, ever-deeper, a shining wine-purple colour, shedding a soft light on all around.—AMFORTAS with a transfigured expression raises the Grail, and waves it slowly to every side, thus consecrating the bread and wine. All are kneeling.)

TITUREL.

Oh, heavenly wonder!  
to-day bright our greeting from God!

(AMFORTAS sets the Grail down, and its glow slowly fades, as the darkness lightens; hereupon the ESQUIRES enclose the vessel in its shrine, and cover it as before.—Daylight returns.—The four ESQUIRES take two flagons and two baskets containing the consecrated wine and bread from the altar-steps; they distribute the bread to the KNIGHTS and fill their cups with wine. The KNIGHTS seat themselves, and GURNEMANZ, who has kept a place empty beside him, signs to PARISFAL to come and take part in the meal; but the latter remains standing apart, silent and motionless, as though wholly entranced.)

BOYS' VOICES

(from above).

Wine and bread of consecration,  
once the Lord of our salvation  
changed for love and pity's sake,  
to the blood which then He shed,  
to the body which He brake.

YOUTHS' VOICES

(from above).

Blood and body, gift and blessing,

changeth now for your refreshing,  
He, the loving Spirit true,  
to the wine poured out for you,  
to the bread that strengthens you.

THE KNIGHTS

(First half).

Take ye the bread,  
change it beside  
to body's strength and power,  
true to your Head,  
steadfast abide,  
to work till the dying hour!

THE KNIGHTS

(Second half).

Take ye the wine,  
change it anew  
to life-blood's fiery pulsation;  
one is the sign,  
Brotherly true,  
to fight for the holy salvation!

ALL THE KNIGHTS WITH YOUTHS' AND BOYS' VOICES.

Blesséd the Faithful!

Blesséd the Loving!

(The KNIGHTS rise and pace from each side to the centre, where they solemnly embrace, and pass out slowly in procession.—AMFORTAS, who has taken no part in the meal, has gradually sunk down from his state of inspired exaltation; he bows his head, and presses his hand to the wound. The ESQUIRES approach him, and their movements show that the wound has broken out afresh; they attend to it, and assist their master back to the litter. Then in the order in which they came, the ESQUIRES bear out AMFORTAS and the holy Shrine.—The light diminishes.—ESQUIRES pass through, and the bells peal again. When the last KNIGHTS and ESQUIRES have left the hall, and the doors are closed, PARISFAL is still standing motionless.)

GURNEMANZ

(coming up to PARISFAL in an ill humour and shaking him by the arm).

Here standest thou still?

Wist thou, what thou saw'st?

(PARISFAL presses his heart convulsively and slightly shakes his head).

GURNEMANZ

(much irritated).

Thou art then nothing but a fool!

(He opens a narrow side door.)

Get thee gone, any way thou wilt!

Yet heed well Gurnemanz:

leave thou in future the swans alone here,

— a gander should look for a goose!

(He pushes PARISFAL out and bangs the door angrily upon him, then turns to follow the KNIGHTS.)

A VOICE

(from above).

"By ruth his knowledge,  
the blameless Fool."

VOICES

(from the mid-height and top of the dome).

Blesséd the Faithful!

(The Curtain closes.)



## ACT II.

Scene.—KLINGSOR's enchanted Castle; the inner keep of the watch-tower, the floor strewn with magical implements. On one side a flight of steps ascend to an aperture in the wall, which lights the chamber, and the shining azure of the sky thus revealed, throws into deeper contrast the gloom of the background, where a dark opening yawns in the floor.

KLINGSOR

(seated at one side looking into a metal mirror).

The time is come. —

My magic tow'r the Fool is luring,  
for gladly shouting him afar I see! —  
In deathly slumber held by Curse she lies;  
its iron grasp is mine to loose.  
Up then! To work!

(He moves towards the centre and lights incense, which immediately fills the background with blue smoke. He seats himself again before his magical instruments, and calls down with strange gestures into the gulf below.)

Uprise! Uprise! To me!

Thy master calls thee, nameless wand'rer,  
Hell's rose-blossom! Witch primeval!  
Herodias wert thou, and what more?  
Gundryggia there, Kundry here!  
Come here! Come hither! Kundry!  
Thy master calls: obey!

(In the blue light KUNDRY's figure rises up. She seems asleep. Presently she moves as though awaking, and breaks into a frightful cry.)

Art waking? Ha!

To my will again

thou art fallen e'en now to the time.

(KUNDRY utters a loud wail of misery, that sinks gradually into low accents of fear.)

Say, where then hast been wand'ring again?

Pah! Seeking the Knights in their lair,  
where as a dog they do not reckon thee?

Dost thou not with me fare better?

When thou their lord for me then hadst captured —  
ha ha! — the Grail how chastely he guardeth! —  
what drove thee off thither again?

KUNDRY

(hoarsely and brokenly as though striving to regain speech).

Oh! Oh! Gloomy night . . .

Frenzy . . . Oh! Rage . . .

Ah! Wailing!

Sleep . . . sleep . . .

deeper sleep . . . Death!

KLINGSOR.

Wert awakened by another? Eh?

KUNDRY.

(as before).

Yea . . . My curse.

Oh . . .! Longing . . . longing!

KLINGSOR.

Ha! ha! 'tis for the saintly Knighthood?

KUNDRY.

There . . . there . . . served I.

KLINGSOR.

Aye aye, amending so the evil  
that thou in thy malice hadst wrought?  
They profit thee not;  
pay I but rightly,  
mine are they one and all:  
the steadiest fails  
when in thine arms he sinketh,  
and falls to me by the Spear,  
that from their Lord himself did I seize. —  
The most dangerous one is now to be met:  
his shield is Foolishness.

KUNDRY.

I — will not. — Oh . . . Oh! . . .

KLINGSOR.

Aye wilt thou, for thou must.

KUNDRY.

Thou . . . thou canst . . . not . . . force me.

KLINGSOR.

Yet do I hold thee.

KUNDRY.

Thou?

KLINGSOR.

Thy master.

KUNDRY.

And whence thy pow'r?

KLINGSOR.

Ha! — Since only with me  
thy pow'r can ne'er prevail.

KUNDRY

(with a shrill laugh).

Ha ha! Art thou pure?

KLINGSOR

(furiously).

Why ask me this? Accursed witch! —  
Terrible fate!

So laughs now the fiend at me,  
that once I after holiness strove?

Terrible fate!

Now the pain of untamed desire,  
horrible impulse hell-inspired,  
that I had forced to silence of death,  
laughs and mocks it aloud  
in thee, oh! devil's bride?

Yet beware!

One his contempt and scorn has repented,  
the proud one, stern in holiness,  
who once rejected me:  
his race I ruin'd,  
unredeemed

shall the Guardian of sanctuary languish  
and soon — wilt thou see me here —  
as guard of the Grail. —

Ha ha!

And pleased he thy taste, Amfortas — the brave —  
whom to enrapture thou wert set?

KUNDRY.

Oh! Misery! Misery!  
Weak e'en *he*, — weak all men, . . .  
thus accurséd with me  
all lost and ruin'd! —  
Oh, sleep of death,  
only release. —  
how — how may I win thee?

KLINGSOR.

Ha! Who defies thee, setteth thee free:  
assay with the boy who draws near!

KUNDRY.

I — will not!

KLINGSOR

(hastily mounting the steps).

Lo, now he climbs up the wall!

KUNDRY.

Oh! Woe's me! Woe's me!  
To this did I waken?  
Must I? Must? —

KLINGSOR

(looking out).

Ha! He is fair, yon stripling!

KUNDRY.

Oh! Oh! Woe is me!

(KLINGSOR leaning out, blows a horn.)

KLINGSOR.

Ho! Ye warders! Ho! Arm ye!  
Heroes! Knights! Foes are near! —

Ha! In a crowd to the ramparts,  
my deluded vassals hasten  
to shelter their beautiful witches!

On! Courage! Courage!

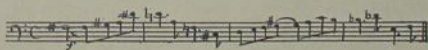
Ha ha! He feareth them not:  
from bold Sir Ferris he snatches the weapon,  
which fiery he wields in thick of the fight.

(KUNDRY falls into wild hysterical laughter, which ends in a woeful  
moan, as she disappears from view.)





Klingsor



How ill with the dullards his ardour agrees!  
Some hit in the thigh, others the shoulder!

Ha ha! They waver! They scatter!  
Every hero home carries a wound!—

Nor this do I grudge ye!—

May even so

the whole assembly of Knights  
rise and destroy one another!

Ha! How proudly he stands on the rampart!

With face aglow like roses of summer,  
in childish amaze, there

the solitary garden he views!

(He turns to the back; the blue light has been extinguished and all is dark.)

Ho! Kundry!

(not perceiving her.)

So! Art at work?

Ha ha! The spell right well I knew,  
that calls thee back ever to serve me again!

(turning outwards again.)

As for thee,—innocent lad,—  
say the prophets what they will,  
too young and dull  
thou fallest into my pow'r:  
of pureness once deprive thee,  
and slave will I then drive thee!

(The whole tower rapidly sinks with him, in its place rises the magic garden.)

Scene.—KLINGSOR's magic garden, filling the whole stage with tropical vegetation and luxuriant growth of flowers. It rises in terraces to the extreme background where it is bounded by the battlements of the rampart. Through the foliage appear projecting parts of the palace, built in rich Arabian style. Upon the rampart stands PARISFAL, gazing in astonishment into the garden.—From all sides rush in the "Flower-maidens" clad in light veil-like garments, first singly, then in numbers forming a confused many-coloured throng. They seem as though just startled out of sleep.

#### SIX MAIDENS

(separately).

Here! Here was the outrage!  
Weapons! Cries of battle!  
Ah me! Where is the foeman?

CHORUS.

Up to vengeance!

THE SIX MAIDENS.

My belovéd one wounded!  
Where find I my lover?  
All alone did I waken!

CHORUS.

Ah! Whither fled they?

THE SIX MAIDENS.

Where is my belovéd?  
Where find I my lover?—

( Alas! How woeful! —

SECONO CHORUS.  
Where are all our lovers?

There in the palace!—

{ We saw them all yonder.  
{ We saw them lie bleeding and wounded.

Up, to help them!

Who, who is our foe?

(together).

Who, who is our foe?

(They perceive PARSIFAL and point him out.)

There stands he!

See him there, see him there!

(separately and with chorus).

In his hand he holds my Ferris' sword. —

{ 'Tis my lover's blood thereon I see.  
{ I saw! — 'T was he! — The fortress he storm'd.  
{ I heard then the Master's horn —

Yes, we heard too the horn—

My knight hither ran. —

They one and all hither came. —

They all came hither,

{ but each one received his repulse!  
{ Woe him who wounded them!—

He wounded my lover. —

My friend did he smite. —

Yet bloody the weapon!—

'Tis my lover's foe!—

Thou there! — Thou there!  
Wherefore bring such distress?  
Alas! Ah woe!  
Why bring us so great distress?  
Ah what distress!

(All together.)

Accurst, thou shalt be!

(PARSIFAL springs somewhat further into the garden.)

(All hastily retreating.)

Ha! Bold one!

THE SIX MAIDENS.

Darest thou approach us?  
Why smotest thou all our lovers?

PARSIFAL

(pausing in great wonder).

Ye fairest children, what could I but smite them?  
To you, sweet charmers, my passage they strove to bar.

SECOND MAIDEN.

To us wilt thou come?

FIRST MAIDEN.

Dost find us fair?

PARSIFAL.

Ne'er yet saw I such wondrous array:  
I find you fair, think ye me right?

SECOND MAIDEN.

And truly thou wilt not smite us?

PARSIFAL.

That could I not.

THE SIX MAIDENS.

Yet losses many hast thou caused us;  
grievous and many!  
Thou smotest all these our play-mates!  
Who'll play with us now?

PARSIFAL.

That fain would I.

(The maidens break into a merry laugh. He approaches nearer, where upon half the group slip away behind the flower-bushes.)

THE MAIDENS

(who remain).

Art thou our friend, stay not afar!  
An so thou wilt not chide us,  
reward wilt find beside us:  
'tis not for gold we play,  
but guerdon that Love shall pay.  
To console us forsaken,  
our Love thou must now awaken!

FIRST GROUP OF MAIDENS

(separately, returning with their flower-adornment completed, and making a rush at PARSIFAL).

Leave ye our play-mate! — He is mine alone!  
No! — No! — No! — Mine!

SECOND GROUP

(running off in haste to attire themselves).

Ha! The sly ones! They deck'd them in secret!

FIRST GROUP.

Come! Come! Gentle lover!  
Come! Come! I am thy flower!



Come! O'er thee Joy shall hover,  
Love, delight on thee shower!

(The Second Group returns, attired like the other.)

ALL THE MAIDENS.

Come! Come! Gentle lover!  
Let me be thy flower,  
Joy around thee shall hover,  
our love delight on thee shower!

PARSIFAL

(standing in their midst in quiet enjoyment).

How sweet your fragrance!  
Are ye then flowers?

THE SIX MAIDENS.

With odour rare  
adorn we the garden  
in spring cull'd by its warden.

We grow where'er  
the sunlight hath power,  
for thee in rapture to flower.

(with chorus.)

Be to us kind, we pray!  
Oh spare not the Flowers their pay!  
An thou canst not love us and cherish,  
we fading and dying must perish.

CHORUS.

Come! Gentle lover!  
Let me be thy flower!

THE SIX MAIDENS

(separately).

Oh take me, love, to thy breast!—  
Thy brow so let me cool it!—  
To touch thy cheek, oh allow me!—  
Thy lips yield to my kisses!—  
No! I! The fairest am I.—

I am fairer!—

No! My fragrance sweeter!—

No!—I!—I!

(chorus.)

I!—I!—Yes I!

(They all press close round PARSIFAL.)

PARSIFAL

(gently moving them back).

Ye wild throng of flower-like fair ones,  
if I be your play-mate, give space here around me!

SECOND MAIDEN.

Why strivest thou?

PARSIFAL.

Because ye quarrel.

FIRST MAIDEN.

We quarrel but for thee.

PARSIFAL.

Forbear then!

THE MAIDENS

(singly or in parts to each other).

Away from him; he favours me! —

Me rather! — No, see he favours me!

(to PARSIFAL.)

Thou keepest me away? —

{ Wilt drive me away?

{ Dost keep me far? —

How, art thou fearful of maidens? —

Where hast left thy courage? —

How cold and how timid thy manner! —

Wouldst have the butterfly woo'd by the flowers?

(to each other.)

Ah, he's afraid! — Ah, he is cold! —

Off! Leave ye the Fool-born! —

We give him up despairing. —

Then let him ours be chosen! —

No, mine is he alone! —

No, ours, no, all our own is he! —

{ He's mine! — He's mine!

{ No, ours! — Yes, ours!

PARSIFAL

(half angrily frightening the maidens off).

Begone! Ye snare me not!

(He is about to escape when a voice out of the flower-foliage arrests him.)

KUNDRY.

Parsifal! Tarry!

(The Maidens shrink back terrified.)

PARSIFAL.

"Parsifal?"

So in her dream named me once my mother.

KUNDRY

(gradually coming into sight, lying on an flower-couch, in altered form.  
young and beautiful, wearing a light robe of Arabian style).

Oh tarry! Parsifal!

Here greet thee joy and delight indeed.

(to the Maidens.)

Ye childish admirers, part ye from him;

fast-withering flowers,

your sport serves not for one such as he.

Go home, tend ye the wounded,

lonely awaits you many a knight.

THE MAIDENS

(moving timidly and reluctantly away from PARSIFAL towards the palace).

Must we leave thee? — Must we shun thee? —

Oh, 'tis woeful! — Ah! Woeful the pain!

Ah! From all we'd willingly be parted,

and here with thee remain.

Farewell! Farewell!

Thou charmer, thou scorner,

thou Fool!

(Laughing, they disappear into the palace.)

PARSIFAL.

Of all this did I now but dream?

(Turning round half in fear, he perceives KUNDRY, but remains at a distance from her.)

Didst thou call to me, the nameless?

KUNDRY.

Thee named I, foolish pure one,  
"Fal parsi" —

Thee, pure in folly: "Parsifal."  
For so, ere in Arabian land he expired,  
thy father Gamuret his son did call,  
e'en so his unborn child he greeted,  
and as he named thee, died thy father;  
and this to tell thee, waiting thee, I stayed:  
what drew thee here, if not the wish to know?

PARSIFAL.

Ne'er saw I, ne'er dream'd of yet, what now  
I see, and e'en with dread it filleth me.  
And flow'rest thou too in this grove of flowers?

KUNDRY.

Nay, Parsifal, thou foolish pure one!  
Far, far away my home lies.  
That thou mightst find me I tarried here awhile;  
from far hence came I, many a sight have seen. —  
I saw the babe upon its mother's breast;  
its early lisp yet laugheth in mine ear:  
though sorrowing hearted,  
how laughed even then "Heartsorrow,"  
that mid her mourning  
new waken'd love, her eyes did gladden!  
In mossy hollow softly cradled,  
the babe she lull'd asleep caressing;  
with anxious watching  
its slumber the mother yearning guarded,  
at morn 'twas waken'd  
by mother's tears like dew-drops falling.  
So weeping ever, child of sorrow,  
she wail'd thy father's love and death:  
to guard thee ever from like danger,  
she deem'd the highest duty's hest.  
Afar from arms, from men of strife and fury,  
would she in safety shelter and conceal thee.  
How careful was she, ah! how fearful,  
lest ever knowledge to thee should be given.  
Hearest thou not still her distressful cry,  
when late and far thou hadst roam'd?  
Heigh! What was her joy and laughing mirth,  
when she seeking found thee at last:  
as thee she held in vehement clasp,  
didst thou then perchance her kisses fear?  
But her wailing thou heardest not,  
her stormy lamentation,

at length when thou didst not return,  
no trace of thee remaining.  
Through days and nights she waited,  
till quiet sank her moaning,  
as grief consumed her pain,  
on silent death she called:  
her sorrow broke her heart,  
and — "Heartsorrow" — died.—

PARSIFAL

(who has gradually approached KUNDRY, now sinks down at her feet overcome with distress).

Woe's me! Woe's me! What did I? Where was I?  
Mother! Gentle, loving mother!  
Thy son, — thy son was then thy murd'rer?  
O Fool! Blind and blundering Fool!  
Where wanderest thou, her so forgetting, dearest,—  
thee so forgetting?  
Mother, mother beloved!

KUNDRY.

Wert thou stranger to grief,  
then comfort's blessing  
gave thee ne'er its relief;  
let fall from thee thy want,  
thy woe distressing  
in comfort that Love now will grant.

PARSIFAL

(sinking lower in his sadness).

My mother, my mother — could I forget her?  
Ha! What else may I now have forgot?  
What did I e'er remember yet?  
'Tis only folly dwells in me.

KUNDRY

(still reclining, bends over PARSIFAL'S head, gently touches his forehead, and winds her arm confidently round his neck).

Acknowledge  
thy guilt, and sorrow endeth;  
by knowledge  
to sense thy folly bendeth.  
Of Love shouldst thou be learning,  
that Gamuret enfolded  
from Heartsorrow burning,  
to scorch him with i s flame!  
And she who gave  
thee life and being, from thee  
shall death and folly chase;  
she sends thee here,  
as mother's blessing last and dear,  
thy lover's first embrace!

(She has bent her head completely over his, and now presses her lips to his mouth in a long kiss.)

PARSIFAL

(suddenly starting up with a gesture of intense fear, his demeanour expressing some fearful change; his hands pressed tightly against his heart, as though to subdue a rending pain).

Amfortas! —



The spear-wound! — The spear-wound!

In my heart it is burning. —

Oh! Moaning! Moaning!

Terrible moaning;

aloud it crieth out of my heart. —

Oh! Oh! Wretched one! Plight most woeful!

Thy wound do I see bleeding,

Aye, bleeding now in me!

Here — here!

No! No! Not the spear-wound is it.

Thence in a stream let life-blood outflow!

Here! Here, my heart is aflame!

The longing, the terrible longing,  
that all my senses doth hold and sway!

Oh! Love thy torment!

How all is quivering, stirr'd, convulsed —

by sin-awakened longing! . . .

(While KUNDRY stares at him in fear and wonder, PARSIFAL becomes subdued into awed calm; and as though fallen wholly into a trance.)

My gaze is fix'd now on the Holy Cup: —

The Holy Blood doth glow: —

Redemption's joy, divinely mild,

trembling afar fills ev'ry spirit:

yet here — here only will the pang not lessen.

The Saviour's wailing even heard I,

the wailing, ah! the wailing

o'er the profanéd Sanctuary:

"Deliver, rescue Me

from hands defilé'd and guilty."

So the Divine bewailing

calléd loud, loud to my spirit.

And I — the fool, the coward,

to deeds of childish folly hither fled!

(He throws himself despairingly on his knees.)

Redeemer! Saviour! Lord alone!

How shall I, sinner e'er atone?

#### KUNDRY

(whose astonishment has changed to sorrowful wonder, hesitatingly approaches PARSIFAL).

O honour'd Knight! Delusion fly!

Look up, and see thy lady nigh!

#### PARSIFAL

(still kneeling, gazes fixedly at KUNDRY, who during the following, bends over him with the caressing movements that are here denoted).

Yes! With that accent, so call'd she him;

and then her look, — truly I know it well —

that look too, on him unpeacefully smiling;

so tempted, — then was he by her lips,

so too her neck was bending, —

so boldly rose her head; —

so lightly her locks flutter'd o'er him, —

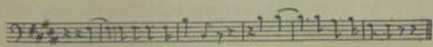
so wound she her arm round his neck;

so flattering smiled her features;

in league with every pang of anguish,



## Gurnemanz



So—came to us the promise my bless—ing so re— ceive.

his soul's salvation  
her mouth did kiss away! —

Ha! 'Tis her kiss! . . .

(He has gradually risen and pushes KUNDRY from him.)

Destroyer thou! Get thee away!  
Ever, ever from me!

#### KUNDRY

(very passionately).

Cruel one!

Hast only feeling  
for others' sorrows,  
thy heart shall know mine now also!  
Art thou Deliv'rer,  
how comes it, scorner,  
to me no salvation thou bringest?  
Thro endless ages thee I awaited,  
the Saviour, come so late,  
whom once I durst revile.  
Oh! Knewest thou the curse,  
that holds me sleeping, waking,  
in death and living,  
pain and laughter,  
to new affliction steel'd anew,  
endless — is my torment here!

I saw — *Him* — *Him* —  
then — laugh'd I . . .  
on me fell — His look.

I seek Him now from world to world,  
yet once more to behold Him.

In darkest hour  
feel I that He now is near. —  
His eye on me doth rest: —

then — once more the accurséd laugh outbreaketh, —  
a sinner falls upon my bosom!

Aye laughter, laughter!  
no tears know I.

But anger, terror,  
horror, torture,

pursue me yet in delirious night,  
whence I repentant, scarce do wake. —

For whom I yearn'd in mortal longing,  
whom I avowed, though weak, derided:  
let me upon thy breast bewail me,  
for one hour only with thee united,  
and if by God and man disown'd,  
in thee be cleansed of all and atoned!

#### PARSIFAL.

For evermore  
wert thou condemn'd with me,  
if one hour only,  
forgetting so my mission,  
unto thy clasp I yielded!

Thee also I am sent to save,  
wilt thou for sin no longer crave.  
The new life, that shall thee deliver,  
think not thy sorrows' fount may yield;  
salvation can thy heart know never,  
until that fount to thee is seal'd.  
— What other need, what other prayer,  
was that I pitying once did share!  
Oh Brothers all, what woe distressed you,  
what fear tormented and oppress'd you?  
But who aright and clear hath known  
the one Salvation's fount alone?  
Oh mis'ry! of all help the flight!  
Oh! Gloom of world-wide error:  
to madly seek Salvation's height,  
yet thirst for Hell's dark fount of terror!

KUNDRY

(in wild ecstasy).

So! Hath then my kiss  
with world-wide vision endow'd thee?  
If my great love should embrace thee  
surely to Godhead I raise thee.  
The world deliver, if so thou wilt:—  
make thyself God for ever,  
then mine be the everlasting guilt,  
and never heal my pain!

PARSIFAL.

Deliv'rance, impious one, offer I thee.

KUNDRY.

Let me, divine one, but love thee,  
deliv'rance so thou gavest me.

PARSIFAL.

Love and deliv'rance shall reward thee,  
if the way  
To Amfortas thou wilt shew.

KUNDRY

(breaking out in fury).

Ne'er, ne'er thou shalt find it!  
Let the Fallen go now to ruin,—  
the ill doer, shame-seeker  
whom I derided,— laughing — laughing —  
ha ha! He fell by his own good spear!

PARSIFAL.

To wield so the Holy Weapon who might dare?

KUNDRY.

*He . . . He . . .*

who once my laughter did cow:  
his curse, ha! it serves me now;  
'gainst thee, thyself call I the spear,



if thou that sinner wilt pity here! . . .

(hesitatingly)

Ah! Madness!

(beseechingly)

Pity! Wilt pity me?

Oh but one hour be mine!

Let me one hour be thine . . .

and on thy way

then shalt thou guided be!

(She tries to embrace him.)

PARSIFAL,

Avaunt, oh evil one!

(He thrusts her forcibly from him.)

KUNDRY

(recoiling in wild raging fury, and calling into the background).

Hither! Hither! Oh help!

Seize ye the shameless! Oh help!

Ward ye his way there!

Ward ye his passage!

(to PARSIFAL.)

And fleddest thou from here and foundest

all the ways of the world,

the Way by thee sought.

its pathway shalt thou find never:

for path and passage

from me that can lead thee,

here — I curse them to thee:

Wander! Wander!

lost like myself,

my fate on thee do I call!

KLINGSOR

(appearing on the terrace, and swinging a lance towards PARSIFAL.)

Stand there! For thee a weapon fit is here!

The fool shall fall to me by his Master's Spear!

(He hurls the Spear, which remains hanging over PARSIFAL's head.)

PARSIFAL

(seizing the Spear, which he holds over his head, and then swings in the sign of the Cross.)

Now by this sign destroy I thy enchantment:

As the wound shall be closed,

e'en by that which smote it,

thy pomp, oh deceiver,

hurl I to ruin and wreck!

(The Castle falls as by an earthquake; the garden withers to a desert; the ground is scattered with faded flowers. KUNDRY sinks down with a cry.)

PARSIFAL

(hastening away, pauses on the top of the ruined wall, and turns back to KUNDRY.)

Thou know'st

where thou canst meet with me again!

(He hastens off. KUNDRY has raised herself a little and looks after him.)

(Curtain.)

### ACT III.

Scene.—Pleasant open spring landscape in the domains of the Grail. Towards the background gently rising flower-meadows. The edge of the forest is seen in the foreground, thence stretching away R. to rising rocky ground. By the wood-side a spring; and opposite to this, further back, a hermit's hut, leaning against a mass of rock.—Very early morning.

#### GURNEMANZ

(grown very old, and habited as a hermit in the tunic only of the Grail KNIGHTS, steps out of the hut and listens).

Out yonder rose the groaning. —

No beast could utter such moans,  
and indeed would not, this holiest morn of all.  
Methinks, I knew of old that mournful cry. —

(He walks determinedly towards a thorn thicket at the side, much overgrown: he forces the undergrowth apart; then suddenly stops.)

Ha! She — here again?

A thicket of rough wintry thorn  
held her conceal'd: Ah, how long?

Up! Kundry! Up!

The winter's fled, and spring is here!

Awaken! Awaken to spring!

(He draws KUNDRY stiff and lifeless out of the bushes, and bears her to a grassy mound near. She is in the coarse robe of a penitent; her complexion pale.)

Cold and stiff!

This time well might I fear 'tis death: —

And yet her groaning surely I heard?

(As KUNDRY lies out stiff before him, he rubs her hands and temples, and does his utmost to relax her stiffness. At last life seems to awake in her; she opens her eyes and utters a cry. She gazes long at GURNEMANZ. Then raising herself she arranges her hair and dress, and moves away as though a maid in service; the wildness vanished from her looks and behaviour.)

#### GURNEMANZ.

Oh woman strange!

Hast thou no word for me?

Are these my thanks,

that from deathly slumber

I now have waked thee again?

#### KUNDRY

(slowly bending her head, and at length bringing out hoarsely and brokenly the words:)

Service, — service.

#### GURNEMANZ

(shaking his head).

'Twill give thee little toil:

On errand send we out no more;

herb and root findeth each one for himself, —

from beast of the forest we learn'd.

(KUNDRY has meanwhile looked about her, perceives the hut and goes into it. He gazes after her wondering.)

How different moves she than of old!

Knoweth she the Holy Day?

Oh! Day of mercy never equaled!

In truth, for her salvation,

might I from her, poor soul,  
that deathly slumber frighten.

(KUNDRY comes again from the hut; she carries a pitcher and goes with it to the spring. Here glancing into the wood, she perceives in the distance someone approaching, and turns to GURNEMANZ to point this out to him.)

GURNEMANZ.

Who neareth there the holy spring?  
In gloomy war apparel?—  
He surely is a stranger!

(KUNDRY with her filled pitcher moves slowly away into the hut, where she busies herself.—PARSIFAL enters from the wood in a black suit of armour: with closed helm and lowered spear he strides slowly forward, and moves with bowed head in dreamy uncertainty to the little grass mound, where he seats himself.)

GURNEMANZ

(having gazed long at PARPISAL in astonishment now steps nearer to him).

Hail to thee, my guest!  
Hast lost thy way, and may I direct thee?

(PARSIFAL gently shakes his head.)

Of greeting thou hast ne'er a word?

(PARSIFAL bends his head.)

Heigh!—What?—

If knightly vow

should constrain thee so to silence,  
mine own remindeth me,

that I now tell thee what is meet.

Here art thou in a hallow'd place:

one cometh not with weapons here,

a closed helmet, shield, and spear;

this day of all! Knowest thou not

what Holy Day is this?

(PARSIFAL shakes his head.)

Nay! Now whence comest thou?

Amid what heathen hast abode,

to know not this? To-day

is the ever-holiest Good Friday morn!

(PARSIFAL sinks his head yet lower.)

Lay down thy weapons!

Lest thou grieve the Lord, who unresisting

did shed, His holy blood,

the sins of the world to cleanse and atone.

(PARSIFAL raises himself after a further silence, thrusts his spear into the ground before him, lays shield and sword beneath it, opens his helmet, and removing it from his head lays it with the other arms, and then kneels in silent prayer before the spear.—GURNEMANZ watches him in wonder and emotion. He beckons to KUNDRY who has just re-appeared from the hut. PARPISAL raises his eyes devoutly to the spear-head.)

GURNEMANZ

(softly to KUNDRY).

Thou knowest him?

He 'tis, who once the swan destroy'd.

(KUNDRY inclines her head slightly in assent.)

In deed, 'tis *he*,

the Fool, whom in anger drove I hence.

Ah! And what pathway found he!

(KUNDRY gazes fixedly but calmly at PARPISAL.)

His Spear, — I know again.  
Oh! Holiest Day,  
that I should now awake to see!  
(KUNDRY turns her face away.)

PARSIFAL

(rises slowly from prayer, looks calmly about him, recognizes GURNEMANZ,  
and extends his hand to him in greeting).

'Tis well, that again here I find thee!

GURNEMANZ.

So knowest thou me still?  
Again dost know me,  
whom grief and care so deep have bow'd?  
How cam'st thou here, — and whence?

PARSIFAL.

Through error and the paths of suff'ring came I;  
deem I but rightly now, that ceased my struggle.  
Doth not this forest murmur  
once again around me,  
thou, aged one, anew dost greet me?  
Or am I again mistaken?  
For changed, I fear, are all things.

GURNEMANZ.

But say, to whom the way thou seekest?

PARSIFAL.

To him, whose deep complaining  
in foolish wonder once I heard,  
now whose salvation's bearer  
I dare as chosen deem myself.  
But — ah! —  
the way of healing never finding,  
I pathless have wander'd  
by an evil curse driven on:  
numberless dangers,  
battles and conflicts,  
forced me from off the pathway,  
thought I to know it aright.  
Then seized was I with dread of failure  
to hold me sacred the Treasure,  
which I so guarding, so defending,  
was wounded oft in many a fight;  
I dared not this to  
wield as weapon in battle;  
unprofaned  
have I borne it beside me,  
and homeward now I guide me,  
before thee gleaming clean and clear,  
the Grail's all-holy Spear!



GURNEMANZ

(in a transport of joy).

What mercy! Happiest day!  
Oh! Wonder! Holy highest wonder!

(After somewhat composing himself.)

Oh Knight! If 'twere a curse  
that drove thee off the rightful path,  
trust me, the spell is broken.

Here art thou, — this the Grail's domain;  
Lo! here for thee our Knighthood waits.

Ah, we have need of succour,  
the succour thou wilt bring! —

From the morning, when thou camest here,  
our sorrow, then made known to thee,  
our trouble grew to utmost need.

Amfortas, maddened by the torment  
he in soul and body suffer'd,  
did crave in angry defiance but for death.

No pray'r, no suffering of his servants  
could move him to perform his holy duty.  
In shrine long closéd hath remain'd the Grail:  
so hopes the sin-repentant Guardian,  
who cannot die

so long as he thereon shall look,  
his end perforce to hasten,  
and with his death attain release from suffering.

The food of heaven we are now denied,  
and common fare must e'en support us:  
Thereby exhausted is our heroes' strength.

No more comes message here,  
nor call to holy war from land far distance:  
pale and wretched, reft of hope,  
the Knights now leaderless do wander forth.  
In lonely wood hut I have hid myself,  
for death in silence awaiting,  
to whom my agéd warrior-lord late fell;  
for Titurel, my holy King,  
now by the Grail's pure vision no more quicken'd,  
is dead, a man, as all men!

PARSIFAL

(springing up in intense grief).

'Tis I — yes I,  
who all this woe have caused!

Ah! How with trespass,  
how with wanton crime  
hath this my foolish head  
eternally been laden,  
that no repentance, no atonement  
my blindness yet hath banished;  
though chosen be I to deliver,  
yet lost I wander ever,  
of rescue every path has vanished!

(He seems about to fall powerless. GURNEMANZ supports him, and lets him sink down on to the grassy mound.—KUNDRY hastily fetches a basin of water with which to sprinkle PARSIFAL.)

GURNEMANZ

(*gently refusing KUNDY*).

Not this!

The holy spring itself  
shall now revive our pilgrim's strength.  
Maybe a lofty work  
shall he this day accomplish,  
on him may fall a holy duty:  
let him be free from stain,  
and dust of way-fare  
long shall now be cleansed all away!

(*They both gently move PARSIFAL to the edge of the spring. KUNDY unbinds the girdles of his armour, and GURNEMANZ removes his breast-plate.*)

PARSIFAL

(*gently and wearily*).

Shall I now be guided straight to Amfortas?

GURNEMANZ

(*still busy*).

Aye surely; e'en for us the Castle waits:  
the death-rite solemn of my dearest lord  
now thither summon me.  
The Grail shall once more be to us reveal'd,  
the long-neglected Office to-day  
once more be serv'd,  
to sanctify the saintly father  
by his own son's ill-doing slain;  
that even so he may atone, —  
this vow Amfortas made.

PARSIFAL

(*gazing in quiet wonder at KUNDY, who with eager humility is bathing his feet*).

My feet by thee are washen, —  
now bathe for me my head, oh friend!

GURNEMANZ

(*taking some water in his hand from the spring and besprinkling PARSIFAL'S head*).

Thrice bless'd be, thus purified, thou pure one!  
So vanish every trace  
of sin and care from thee!

(*During this KUNDY draws a golden vial from her bosom, and pours some of its contents over PARSIFAL'S feet, which she dries with her hair, hastily unbound.*)

PARSIFAL

(*gently taking the vial from her and passing it to GURNEMANZ*).

Thou hast my feet anointed,  
My head anoint shall Titirel's true Knight,  
this very day as King so let him greet me!

GURNEMANZ

(*pouring out the vial over PARSIFAL'S head, upon which he lays his hands in blessing*).

So came to us the promise,



## Flower Maidens



Come come gentle lay - at.

my blessing so receive,  
as King this day to greet thee.

Thou, pure one!  
Patient, enduring one,  
all blessed pitying one!

As the redeem'd man's suff'rings thou hast suffer'd,  
the final load uplift now from his head!

PARSIFAL

(who has unnoticed filled his hand with water from the spring, bends forward to KUNDRY, who is still kneeling before him, and pours it over her head).

My office first fulfil I so:  
Baptizéd be,  
and trust in the Redeemer!

(KUNDRY sinks her head to the earth; she seems to weep passionately).

PARSIFAL

(turning away, gazes in mild ecstasy upon field and forest, which are glowing in the morning light).

The meadow-land doth seem to-day so fair!  
Once upon magic flow'rs I chanced,  
up to my head in baneful tendrils twining;  
yet saw I ne'er so fresh and sweet  
the green blade wild flower and blossom,  
ne'er scented all so child-like fair,  
nor spake with charm so dear to me.

GURNEMANZ.

That spell Good Friday worketh, lord.

PARSIFAL.

Alas then, the day of woe and pain!  
Now as it seemeth, all that breathes,  
that blossoms, lives and life renews,  
should weep, ah! and sorrow.

GURNEMANZ.

Thou seest, that is not so.  
It is the sinner's tear repentant,  
that now with holy dew  
doth field and mead bestrew:  
so grace and beauty lendeth.  
Now all creation doth rejoice  
here in the Saviour's love to trace,  
and heartfelt pray'r ascendeth.  
On Cross uplifted, Him no more man seeth:  
and therefore looketh round on man redeem'd;  
who thus set free,  
from evil doing fleeth, by love's great sacrifice made  
pure and whole:  
now meadow-blade and flower each perceiveth,  
to-day the foot of man for it hath care,  
in truth, as God with patience infinite  
the pain of man did pitying bare,  
so man this day the earth by grave

and gentle tread will spare.  
And grateful will creation bide,  
whate'er doth flow'r and fadeth soon,  
since now that Nature purified,  
her day of Innocence hath won.

(KUNDRY has slowly raised her head, and gazes up with tearful eyes, filled with calm and earnest entreaty to PARSIFAL.)

#### PARSIFAL.

I saw them wither, once bright in laughter:  
deliv'rance do they now yearn after?—  
And thine the tear that dew of blessing showers:  
thou weepest, — see, how smile the flowers!

(He kisses her gently on the forehead.)

(A distant pealing of bells is heard.)

#### GURNEMANZ.

Mid-day: — the hour is come.  
Permit, my lord, that thy servant may lead thee!

(GURNEMANZ has fetched from within his Grail-knight's mantle, with which he and KUNDRY invest PARSIFAL.—PARSIFAL solemnly takes up the Spear, and with KUNDRY follows GURNEMANZ, slowly leading. The scene changes very gradually, as in the first Act, but from R. to L. After remaining for a time visible the three entirely disappear, as the forest is gradually vanishing, and in its place the rocks draw near.—Through the arched passages, the sound of bells swells ever louder. The rock walls open, disclosing the lofty Grail's Hall, as in the first Act, only without the feast table.—Faint illumination.—From one side appear Knights bearing TITUREL's coffin, from the other side those escorting AMFORTAS in the litter, preceded by the covered shrine of the Grail.)

#### FIRST PROCESSION

(with AMFORTAS).

E'en thus bear we in sheltering shrine  
the Grail to hallowéd altar;  
whom shelter ye in gloomy shrine,  
and thither sorrowing bear?

#### SECOND PROCESSION

(while the two processions pass each other).

The hero lies in mourning shrine,  
there lies his heavenly might,  
that Godhead once did shelter and shield,  
Titurel hither we bear.

#### FIRST PROCESSION.

Who laid him thus low, whom in Godhead's guard,  
God Himself once shielded?

#### SECOND PROCESSION.

The burden of age hath laid him thus low,  
since the Grail no longer beheld he.

#### FIRST PROCESSION

Who stay'd him the Grail's pure grace from beholding?

#### SECOND PROCESSION.

Whom there ye are bearing; its unworthy Guardian.

#### FIRST PROCESSION.

We do bear him this day, because yet once more, —



the last time even, —  
will he now serve his office.

(AMFORTAS is now placed on the couch behind the Grail's altar, the coffin set down in front.)

THE KNIGHTS

(turning to AMFORTAS).

Woe thee! Who guardest the Grail!  
The Last time,  
be to thy Office recall'd!  
The Last time!

AMFORTAS

(wearily raising himself a little).

Yea — Woe's me! Woe's me! Woe be on me!  
So cry I freely with you.

Better still to take from you my death, —  
the sinner's lightest atonement!

(The coffin is opened. All at sight of TITUREL's body break into a sudden cry of woe.)

AMFORTAS

(raising himself high on his couch, and turning to TITUREL's body).

My father!

Highly blessed thou of heroes!

Most pure one, 'fore whom the angels have bended:  
while only I long'd to die,  
thou gave I to death!

Oh! Thou who now in radiance divine  
dost the Lord Himself behold,  
entreat thou of Him, that His holy blood,  
— if yet once more now His blessing  
Brothers here shall quicken, —  
while in them life renewing,  
death grant me even at last!  
Death! Now to die —  
only mercy!

Oh, perish the poison, the wound of horror,  
be stiff the heart corroded thereby!

My father! I call thee:

cry to Him thou all-blest,

"Redeemer, send thou my son to rest!"

THE KNIGHTS

(pressing nearer to AMFORTAS).

Reveal ye the Grail!

Serve thou the Office!

Thy father doth warn thee:

thou must! Thou must!

AMFORTAS

(springing up in maddened despair, and rushing into the midst of the recoiling Knights).

No! Never! Ha!

Darkness of death now is o'er me,  
and yet once more back into life shall I turn?

Mad deem I ye!

Who bid me live as a sinner,  
might I of death be the winner?

(He tears open his garment.)

Here stand I, the open wound is here!  
Thus am I poison'd, here flows my blood:—  
bring out your weapons! Plunge in the sword-blade  
deep, deep, to the hilt!

Up! Ye heroes,  
slay ye the sinner with all his bale,  
and clear will shine for you then the Grail!

(All have shrunk back in fear before AMFORTAS, who now in terrible ecstasy stands alone. PARSIFAL, accompanied by GURNEMANZ and KUNDRY, has appeared unobserved among the Knights, and now advancing, he extends the Spear.)

PARSIFAL.

One weapon only serves:  
The Spear that smote  
must heal thee of thy wound.

(He touches with the point of the Spear AMFORTAS' side, whose face then shines with holy rapture; he staggers, as though overcome with awe and emotion; GURNEMANZ supports him.)

PARSIFAL.

Be whole, absolvéd and atoned!  
For I do hold thy Office now.  
Oh blesséd be thy suff'ring,  
for power of ruth divine  
and might of knowledge  
pure and tim'rous fool it gave!

(He paces towards the centre, the Spear raised high before him.)

The Holy Spear,—  
This bring I back to you!

(All gaze in highest rapture upon the upheld Spear, to the point of which PARSIFAL raises his eyes and continues in enthusiasm:—)

Oh! What a wonder here I view!  
This same that wounded also healeth,  
here on is Holy Blood revealed,  
with longing e'en for its source it pineth,  
that there darkly the Grail enshrineth.—  
This let the veil no more confine:—  
Reveal ye the Grail,—open the shrine!

(PARSIFAL ascends the altar-steps, takes the Grail from the shrine already opened by the ESQUIRES, and sinks in silent prayer before it.—The "Grail" softly shines.—Increasing gloom below and glowing light from above.)

ALL

(with voices from the mid-height and top of the dome).

Highest holy wonder!  
Redeeméd our Redeemer!

(The ray of light falls from above, and the Grail glows brightest. From the dome descends a white dove and hovers over PARSIFAL's head.—KUNDRY, with her gaze uplifted to PARSIFAL sinks slowly lifeless to the ground.—AMFORTAS and GURNEMANZ kneel in homage before PARSIFAL, who waves the Grail in blessing over the worshipping Knighthood.)

(The Curtain slowly closes.)



# Henry W. Savage's

## Attractions and Theatres

---

RICHARD WAGNER'S SACRED FESTIVAL PLAY

**"Parsifal"**

(In English)

**English Grand Opera Co.**

(Established 1895)

In Grand Opera Repertoire

**"The Sultan of Sulu"**

A Musical Satire

By GEORGE ADE and ALFRED G. WATHALL

**"The Prince of Pilsen"**

A Musical Comedy

By PIXLEY and LUDERS

RAYMOND HITCHCOCK

in

**"The Yankee Consul"**

A Comic Opera

By HENRY BLOSSOM, JR. and ALFRED G. ROBYN

**"Peggy From Paris"**

A Musical Comedy

By GEORGE ADE and WILLIAM LORAINÉ

**"The County Chairman"**

A Quaint American Comedy

By GEORGE ADE

**"The Sho-Gun"**

A Korean Comic Opera

By GEORGE ADE and GUSTAV LUDERS

**"Woodland"**

A Fantasy of the Forest

By PIXLEY and LUDERS

**"The College Widow"**

A Modern American Comedy

By GEORGE ADE

RICHARD GOLDEN

in

**"Common Sense Bracket"**

By CHAS. W. DOTY

**Other Productions in Preparation**

---

The Garden Theatre . . .

New York .

The Studebaker . . .

Chicago





The **Margaret Eaton School Digital Collection** is a not-for-profit resource created in 2014-2015 to assist scholars, researchers, educators and students to discover the Margaret Eaton School archives housed in the Peter Turkstra Library at Redeemer University College. Copyright of the digital images is the property of Redeemer University College, Ancaster, Canada and the images may not be copied or emailed to multiple sites without the copyright holder's express written permission. However, users may print, download, or email digital images for individual non-commercial use. To learn more about this project or to search the digital collection, go to <http://libguides.redeemer.ca/mes>